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## BRIEF MENTION.

*Brief Mention* is a sad misnomer, and I was never more forcibly struck with the incongruity between title and contents than when the last number was handed to me, as I lay repeating my favourite quatrain from Heine, a favourite not of mine only but of many who pray for a life of endeavour and a quick exit (A. J. P. XXII 114)

Ein Posten ist vakant! Die Wunden klaffen.  
Der eine fällt, die andern rücken nach.  
Doch fall' ich unbesiegt und meine Waffen  
Sind nicht gebrochen. Nur das Herze brach.

However, the misnomer will disappear with the brief-mentioner, and when the time comes, the old craft which I launched more than thirty-six years ago, call it 'pinnace', call it 'barge', call it, if you are in a Shakespearian mood, as we all are, 'Andrew', shall be sped cheerily on its way with the cry: *Sine cortice nabis.*

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Meanwhile I take up again the subject of Pindar, which continues to haunt me. I have collected a good deal of material for my detailed review of Sir John Sandys's version promised A. J. P. XXXVII 89. For a teacher of languages criticism of translation is an indispensable organon of instruction, and being no longer in the schoolmaster business, I am entitled to dedicate the instruments of my trade to Hermes Logios and, as I do so, I go back in memory to the early days when I used to study the translations consulted surreptitiously by my classes and, whenever possible, to criticize unmercifully the borrowed renderings. At times my conscience smote me, but the boys used their 'ponies' with fear and trembling; and this seemed the best way to correct the abuse of outside help. I remember my own experiments kept up for many years, some of them still staring me in the face, and I remember also the old verse: *μωμήσεται τις μᾶλλον η μιμήσεται*, which may be rendered for the present occasion 'a man shall sooner underrate than emulate'. Carping is too easy and too ungracious for a veteran, and I frankly abandon my project of a comparative study of the two principal prose translations of Pindar, the one we owe to Ernest Myers, the other to Sir John Sandys. In the latter case I have had the amusing experience that now and then, when I was tempted to somewhat tart comment, I found that Sir John's

translation coincided absolutely or substantially with my own. But in such matters, I allow myself perfect liberty of self-criticism and I have reams of MS on which to practise. Some of my failings I have confessed before (e. g. A. J. P. XXII 106, XXX 352). To these I should add that I was and am no more free than are others from the tendency to use archaic language when I have to do with classical poetry. Andrew Lang half apologizes for it in the case of Homer, where it needs no apology. Bevan makes use of a strange mixture in translating Aischylos (A. J. P. XXIII 467). Starkie has given us a glossematic Shakespearian Aristophanes (A. J. P. XXXII 116-7); and everyone is in love with the Tudor translations because of the quaint effect (A. J. P. XXX 354), against which Matthew Arnold protests. The patina is adorable. Theoretically an everyday word ought to have an everyday rendering and yet we go on translating *γῆρας* 'eld' and *δῶρον* 'guerdon' and *κίνδυνος* 'emprise', lucky if we do not translate it 'derring do'. 'Father' becomes 'sire', much to the disgust of said Arnold. Pindarists are sadly given to 'sire', but the stud-book term is not so much out of place in view of Pindar's insistence on blood (I. E. xxiii). Why should *κάπος* figure as 'demesne'? 'Garden' is familiarly used in the same sense. Myers has the courage to translate *πάσσαλος* (O. I, 18) by 'peg'. Sandys calls it 'resting-place'. 'Pin' might serve as a compromise. 'Uncle', I grant, is an ugly word with ugly phonetic associations, but a great Pindarist has told us that Pindar does not shy at the ugly (A. J. P. XXVI 115) and Sandys has not bettered the matter by resorting to a dialectic 'eme', which he has to explain in a footnote and which recalls the sinister figure of Oom Paul. After all, the fault, and fault it is, must be construed as a tribute of respect to the 'exemplaria Graeca', though it must be acknowledged that the 'nocturna manus' sometimes evokes a nightmare.

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The other essay—promised at the same time with a criticism of the new version—the paper 'On Translating Pindar', was not to be bound by personal applications and had its attractions for me, especially as it afforded an opportunity to branch out into all manner of disquisitions or rather lucubrations, for 'lucubrations' is a word that I love to apply to my own writings (e. g. A. J. P. XXXIII 227) by way of atonement to a distinguished scholar to whom years ago I gave mortal offence by making use of the word with reference to his admirable studies (XXIV 354) and thus alienated a valued contributor. But the essay must go the way of the criticism. All that I can do in my present environment is to indicate some of the lines I should have followed, none of them new—in fact it seems im-

possible to avoid trenching upon previous discussions—but all capable of individual treatment or novel illustration; and it is hoped that repetition (A. J. P. XXXVI 482) will be forgiven for the sake of reinforcement. I will not echo the cry of the ill-fated Swabian scholar and poet as he sat forlorn in his cell at the castle of Hohen-Urach, that cry of Frischlin's (A. J. P. XXIX 500) which comes back to me after sixty years—*O wa seind meine Bücher!* My 'lecticula lucubratoria'—a manner of prison—is only an anticipation of the summer quarter which I always spend far away from books; and at any rate the references in *Brief Mention*, no matter what the season, are usually afterthoughts.

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A prime condition of an artistic rendering of Pindar is terseness. This involves a close adherence to the text, not, however, such as we find in Browning's *Agamemnon*, which is to be understood only by the light of the original, if then. The hardness of Pindar, not to say his obscurity, is not to be outdone, but it is not to be done away with. There are to be no periphrases for the sake of clearness. 'Varied melody of the flute' is no translation, it is an exegesis of *βοὰν αὐλῶν* (O. 3, 8). 'The flute's cry' is as clear as was the sound of the Greek flute and as poetical. There are to be no substitutes of familiar proper names for those that are unfamiliar. Think of Horace. Think of Milton. The modern institution of footnotes will serve, such as we often welcome in the common editions of Dante and Petrarch. But that is after all a matter of judgment, and it has seemed to me that Sir John Sandys sometimes goes too far in helping the student to follow the text. The story of Kastor and Polydeukes, nowhere more beautifully told than in the Tenth Nemean, ends with the words: *ἀνὰ δ' ἔλυσεν μὲν ὁφθαλμόν, ἐπειτα δὲ φωνὰν χαλκοῦτρα Κάστορος.* It is almost an insult to be informed that this means 'Zeus restored Castor to life'. Suppose that in the story of Apollo and Kyrene (P. 9) Pindar had stopped at v. 67: *κεῖνο κεῖν' ἀμαρ διαιτασεν.* Would there have been any need of a scholium? Fortunately, Pindar chose to be his own interpreter, and shuts out all footnotes by the frank use of *μίγεν*, a favourite word with that chapest of poets, which he has left to be the plague of his modern translators.

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One question of perpetual recurrence, a question that blocks the entrance to every translation of a poetical masterpiece, the question whether we are to have a verse translation or a prose translation, seems to be simplified in the case of Pindar by this same condition of terseness. Rhyme is excluded at once. True,

if translation is, as Wilamowitz has called it (after Herder, A. J. P. XXI 108), a metempsychosis (A. J. P. XIII 517), the critic loses his rights. The rebirth may be better than the original. We have not to decide between Murray (A. J. P. XXXI 359) or Way and Euripides, between Fitzgerald and Omar Khayyám. The famous Sonnet d'Arvers, so often itself translated, is said to be a translation. One does not care to see the original. Fortunately there is no original for Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese. Only the word 'Portuguese' gives us the key-note (A. J. P. XXX 354). Burton's Kasidah is a parallel instance. But we have mainly to do, not with metempsychosis, but with metaphrasis, and metaphrasis excludes rhyme. Turning over the other day the pages of President Gilman's University Problems, I found a quotation from Pindar. Outside of a few stock phrases, Pindar is seldom quoted, but until Professor Mustard or Professor Kirby Smith institutes the search, we shall never know how many threads of Pindar's diction have been woven into the web of modern poetry. The so-called Pindarists have shewn so false a conception of Pindar that I have never had the patience to explore regions that have become *avia Pieridum loca* to all except the student of comparative literature. If I were to engage in the search, I should look among the eulogists who flourished in the days when the ancient classics were the standards. Not so long ago I found an echo of the familiar *γέροις οῖος ἐστὶ μαθών* (P. 2, 72) in La Fontaine's eulogy on Louis Quatorze: 'Prince, en un mot soyez ce que vous êtes. | L'évènement ne peut qu' être heureux', and so President Gilman's Pindaric quotation occurs in a eulogistic passage. It is taken from Cary's version of the noble close of one of Pindar's noblest Odes, the last epode of the Second Olympian; and the idle thought crossed my mind that I might use the passage as an exemplar of the hopelessness of all the current rhymed translations. But 'actum ne agas'. The whole thing is too easy and one is tempted to parody Pindar himself and say of each such translator *ὅσα σφάλματα ἔθηκεν τίς ἀν φράσαι δύνατο;*

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Translation in the metres of the original involves serious difficulties. Is it as hopeless as the method just rejected? Germans have tried it. Their success or failure does not concern us here. But what are the metres of the original and would those metres produce on our sensorium the same effect as the Greek measures? Some of the Greek measures certainly do, notably the Asklepiadean (Shorey on Horace Od. i, 11; A. J. P. XXXIII 363; XXXVI 236), and recent studies in prose rhythm seem to bear out the notion of Aryan congeniality in the rhythm of language as in musical rhythm (A. J. P. XXXVII 120).

In my audacious youth I made many experiments, but with a wise reserve I have allowed very few to see the light. The monosyllabic character of our language is a serious drawback to the use of the iambic trimeter, which resolves itself too often into an Alexandrine (A. J. P. XXX 354, XXXVII 220), and, as for heroic hexameter and elegiac distich, hell is paved with the good intentions of the experimenters. The Horatian metres have tempted many. Among them, and not the worst of them, is Isaac Watts, and in my brief experience as Professor of Latin, I tried to teach the boys the lyric metres of Horace by ear—a method since recommended by Professor Shorey: and to that end I manufactured rhymed Alcaics and other enormities (A. J. P. XXX 355). Once I laid my unhallowed hands upon the lyrics in Aischylos and Sophokles. Pindar I have never dared to touch. Wilamowitz, as is well known, has resorted to what he considers kindred German measures for the reincarnation of Greek tragic choruses, but I have not ventured to pronounce judgment on the success of his experiments (A. J. P. XX 110). Of the elder Lytton's Horace, I said my say many years ago (cf. A. J. P. XXI 108). A man who was capable of translating Horace's 'triste lignum' 'arboreal assassin' may well have been expected to be capable of anything in the way of rhythm. The *vers libre* is coming into fashion and so is Southey, and this may be the way out. Rhythematical prose has proved a snare (A. J. P. XXIV 103).

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Asked how Wellington spoke French, a royalist Frenchwoman is reported to have said: The Duke of Wellington speaks French as he fights, with great determination; and the Roman attacks the problems of the transfer of Greek metrical forms to Latin with great determination. One cannot help admiring the dexterity with which Ovid lightened the Roman elegiac, even if in so doing he overworked his scant supply of iambi. The example of the Romans may serve as an encouragement to those who are still bent on naturalizing Greek metres. But the naturalizing Romans broke down in the matter of compounds, and experiments like 'repandirostrum incurvicervicum pecus' were acknowledged failures. And here we encounter one of the great drawbacks in translating Pindar. Pindar's compounds are glorious (A. J. P. XXIX 120). He puts them in the forefront of his poems. Is it possible to translate the odes so as to bring out this feature? Hardly. Those who believe in the recurrent word as a guide to the meaning of the odes may take care to avoid the special English temptation of *ποκιλία* (A. J. P. XXVII 482), but the Greek compounds are baffling. The history of compounds in English as in Greek is not too

well known; and to minds of a certain order, there is an irresistible lure into the regions of chronology and statistics. The literature is scattered and to me inaccessible; and I doubt whether anyone has been at the pains to exhibit in figures and in curves the census of compounds in either language. The Greek compounds, admired by the men of Shakespeare's age (A. J. P. XXIX 120) who were best fitted to cope with them, belong in their origin to a period earlier than the so-called parts of speech. They have a 'mysterious way' with them, and it is no blasphemy to say that they were originally framed 'in deep, unfathomable mines of never-failing skill'. There is little divine about English compounds. They are agglutinations of words already made. The best are those that belong to the richest period of our language, and the margin of my Valpy edition is flecked with Greek equivalents for Shakespeare's compounds (A. J. P. XXIII 467). The Elizabethans are the source from which the translator must draw, if he wants something organic. Under German influence, Beddoes (A. J. P. IV 445) brought back the compound business, and the same German influence has turned the stately procession of our language into a chain-gang. To be sure, English compounds have a value of their own, but they must spring from the life of the people. It is well worth noting how few permanent acquisitions were made by the Civil War—stirring as life was then. 'Gripsack' and 'carpet-bagger' were the chief. Such things are to be cherished, and 'jimber-jawed', which has been the subject of learned discussions, is almost as dear to me as one of the inexplicable sacral epithets in Homer. But I run my eyes down Tennyson and find scant comfort in his creations—to say nothing of lesser artists (A. J. P. XXIII 409). Now the very fewest Greek compounds are made up of agglutinations; there are very few dvandva compounds. The words must undergo a sea-change before they can be fused; and though I hate to use the word 'law' in philological matters—for 'law' is 'organized will'—I had rather be the author of Scaliger's 'law' than of Grimm's. I say 'monogram' and 'telegram' with the rest of the world, but I respect the modern Greek 'telegrapheme'—though the run of modern Greek compounds has roused the ire of some of the leading scholars of the Hellas of to-day. As for ancient Greek itself, the cases made havoc with compounds. Syntax killed synthesis. The articular participle, and that plebeian intruder, the articular infinitive, offered rough and ready substitutes, and *οὐ* and *μή* killed off negative compounds. The fun of Aristophanes' mad compounds is heightened by the contrast of the spoken language. It is, to use Heine's figure, the waving of an exaggerated monkey-tail. The overdoing of the later dithyrambic poets is a manner of protest against prose. Now I have called Pindar's compounds

glorious. How many of them are his we cannot tell. Some of the boldest seem to be common property, and yet there are, or, at least, there may be those who feel a difference between Pindar and Bakchylides in this regard (A. J. P. XXIX 369). Now most of Pindar's compounds are untranslatable by compounds, and the translator has to take refuge in periphrases as does the Homeric paraphrast. The relative periphrasis is flat, flatter than it is in French (A. J. P. XXIII 469); and the translation of Greek compounds by the relative is too much like the translation of the Homeric compounds by the instructive but loathsome Paraphrasis. In any case no English device will reproduce the *πρόσωπον τηλαγής* effect of Pindar's great odes.

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This difficulty is matched by another of a very different order. What of the particles? Sandys has not overlooked the particles. Some of them he has undertaken to translate—sometimes. To be sure, Pindar is not the best possible field for the study of the particles. I keep the English word because the Greek *σύνδεσμος* has a wider application. Pindar is famous rather for his *ἀσύνδετα*, on which Dissen has a long excursus. He abounds in the *μέν* and *δέ* antithesis which Mr. Benn would doubtless attribute to Pythagorean and consequently to Delphic influence, as if antithesis had to be imported. But the Theban eagle in his swirling flight loves to surprise us by the inconsequence of *μὲν-τε*. Mommsen has much to say about *τε* and *τε-τε*. The *τε* solitarium may have been felt originally as a liberty, if indeed we are to trust those who seem to be pillars. Pindar uses his other particles in the accepted fashion. He swears somewhat freely with *μάν*, avers with *ὦν* (*οὖν*), which despite the phonetists is the primal *ὄντως*. His *δῆ* is as clear-shining as the day itself. He rattles his sabre with *ἄπα*. He waxes confidential with *τοι*, shakes his head with *πον*. What I have said about *τοι* and *πον* (A. J. P. XXX 14) has been quoted and approved by a grammarian of mark. There is more about the two particles in A. J. P. XXXIII 240, where I substantiate more fully the statement that *τοι* is an appeal for human sympathy, and *πον* a resigned submission to the merciless *rerum natura*. *πον* is 'some-where', like 'somewhere' in France or Belgium to-day. The familiar rendering of *πον* by 'haply' is a partial recognition of the cruel domination of chance. As for *τοι* the vague enclitico-demonstrative theory advocated by Gesner Harrison in his Greek Prepositions and by Bäumlein in his Griechische Partikeln finds scant favour to-day. The ideal second person may be combined with the real second person as in *οέ τοι*, just as in Latin the real second person may be linked with the ideal second person in the present subjunctive. *τοίνν* in Pindar

(O. 6, 28) is somewhat of a surprise. More than thirty years ago a French scholar disposed of the Greek particles with characteristic French neatness and despatch (A. J. P. V 124). He snapped his fingers at Rosenberg's monograph on *τοίνυν*. *τοίνυν* he declared, is 'maintenant', but 'maintenant' provides after a fashion only for *ννν*, whereas the *τοί* part is meant for the jury. *τοίνυν* is a cajoling particle, and it is not surprising to find that it abounds in Lysias (A. J. P. XXXIII 240), who may have picked it up in Lower Italy. Indeed Pindar himself may have caught it from Teisias or Korax, an hypothesis which would lend confirmation to my interpretation of *λόγιοι* in Pindar (P. I, 94). To be sure, that interpretation was cold-shouldered by Jebb, a past master in the art of cold-shouldering (A. J. P. XXVII 480, XXXVI 367). Unfortunately Verrall's interpretation of O. 2, 96 has gone the way of many if not most of his interpretations (A. J. P. XXXV 491), and I myself after all these years seriously incline to the acceptance of Bergk's *γαρνέτων* for *γαρίετον*. See Sandys's note on the passage. Of course, there are those who will sneer at the notion that *τοίνυν* is due to local influence. And yet some of the objectors have doubtless accepted with joy Plato's importation of *τί μήν; = πῶς γὰρ οὖ;* from the West (A. J. P. III 376). The West was responsible for much in Greece as our West is responsible for much in America to-day. It is an old story that the vocabulary of Aischylos was enlarged by his sojourn in Sicily and when Wilamowitz notes the bold innovation of *γ' οὖν*, one is apt to suspect a Sicilian origin for a combination which became so common in Late Greek as *γοῦν* that it was felt simply as a reinforced *γε*. But I do not wish even in jest to be considered a Lesbonax Redivivus with his *σχῆμα* this and his *σχῆμα* that—but make my humble apology to the masters whom I have mimicked. *φλυαρία τάδ' ἐστὶ τὰ μεμιμημένα.*

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The apology I have just made to the serious-minded readers of the JOURNAL is due to the fact that I have more than once been warned off the premises of the scientific grammarians (A. J. P. XXXV 493), and, I must confess, to my delight. At my great age I am now as free as were the past service citizens of Plato's Republic to consort with any vagrant fancy, and if I have a weakness, it is for the 'Αφροδίτη *πάνδημος* of popular etymology. Scientific etymology and she are sisters under the skin, but the younger sister is uncertain—*τὰ μὲν δώσει, τὰ δ' οἴπω*. Witness the to and fro of the etymologists who weave their webs in the AMERICAN JOURNAL OF PHILOLOGY. Popular etymology knows its own mind and blurts it out. If one fancies that the Greek attitude towards garlic was different from ours,

*σκόροδον* q. d. *σκαιὸν ρόδον* 'rose over the left' reveals the state of the Greek mind or nose. Unfortunately, my homely oracle is silent, and there is little to be gained from popular etymology in this field of research. All that we learn from consulting the popular consciousness is the aura, the environment, the association. Take *μέν* and *δέ*. Can we be certain that the people felt them as *μήν* and *δῆ*, which science tells us they were originally? *μήν* belongs to the sphere of *δύναμις* and *δέ* to the sphere of *δῆλον*. *δέ δή* is a manner of *δηλαδή*. *μέν* when it stands alone, is evidently a vicegerent of *μήν*. Now *μέν* and *δέ* are found from the beginning of our record used consciously with antithetical force as *μήν* and *δή* are not used. It is an old story. Oath against fact, personal conviction against the evidence of things, the inner man against the outer world, then like 'on the right hand and on the left' used antithetically just as *ἀνά* and *κατά* are used without reference to perpendicularity. Of course, if we use metaphysical jargon and call one 'subjective confirmation' and the other 'objective attestation' or rather 'subjective attestation' and 'objective confirmation', we may expect the cry of 'over-refinement'. The sophists spell the thing out for us with their *λόγῳ μὲν-ἔργῳ δέ* of which one grows heartily sick, but one cannot get rid of the polarity of the Greek mind (A. J. P. XXXIII 240). Imagine a Greek writing a letter as long as the Epistle of St. James without a *μὲν-δέ* (A. J. P. XVI 526). Instead of *μὲν-δέ* we sometimes find *μὲν-μέντοι*—a welcome variation because it gives the element of moral reconsideration and we are nearer the primal *μήν* and the primal *τοι*. The translations of *τοι* now in vogue, such as 'mark you', 'you must know', are too cumbrous for so airy a particle, but this thin tissue of speculations and reminiscences must be brushed aside.

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Another Pindaric note—this time to register a tribute to a fellow-worker in the same field of the Charites. It is impossible to dissociate a man from his books. Some books are understood only when the man is known. Sometimes the book inspires mortal hatred of the author, unrelieved or haply heightened by personal acquaintance; and every one who has been guilty of a textbook, can testify to social animosity engendered in the minds of those, who, in their tender years, have been made to endure hardness by reason of this or that school manual. Witness the savage onslaught made by the sweetest-tempered of men, Sir William Osler, upon Farrar's Greek Verb (A. J. P. XXX 108). There was a lover of Greek, who although a lover of Greek, or because a lover of Greek, bore a grudge against the whole tribe of those who waste their own time and the time of others over such futilities as the syntax of *ωστε* (A. J. P.

VII 161); and so deep-rooted was his aversion that he could not suppress his surprise at the tradition that the elder Butt-mann was a charming person in social intercourse. Now I never met FENNELL and knew him only as an acrid critic; and perhaps I shall be pardoned for saying that, from what a friendly reviewer of his career has called his 'austere' Pindar and from his other publications, I should not have formed so attractive an image of my fellow-Pindarist as is set up in the *Cambridge Review* for Jan. 26, from which I learned for the first time that he had joined the goodly company of those who called forth the 'Ahi, quanta malinconia' of Fraccaroli in 1894 (A. J. P. XV 503). In the number of the *Cambridge Review*, to which I have referred, FENNELL is depicted as a man noteworthy for 'his sunny disposition, his generosity and the serene courage with which he faced the trials and troubles of life'. Judging him by his writings, I fancied him to be what an old French writer calls an 'homme astorse et impiteux'; and whenever he differed, as he often did, from accepted views and traditional interpretations, I thought I could hear him say 'Verjuice is good for a parrot'—the delicious translation of the Terentian 'Veritas odium parit', which we owe to Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. The cool reception of my Pindar by the English press, the assurance given by a leading critical journal that my unpretentious edition 'did not enter into competition with Dr. FENNELL's' failed to mitigate the sharpness of his censure; and the second edition of FENNELL's Olympians and Pythians is studded with oblique criticisms, which I summarized at the close of my review, as follows (A. J. P. XIV 502):

I will not let Mr. Fennell's somewhat blunt expression of differences in details of interpretation interfere with my satisfaction at his approval of my general treatment of Pindaric composition; and in my hearty recognition of the services rendered to the study of Pindar by this new edition, to which I hope to return, I shall not be disturbed by the epithets 'idle', 'rash', 'fanciful', 'far-fetched', and 'unsound', which he has bestowed on my exegesis. He who hears nothing worse from his brethren of the philological guild may count himself lucky. θεος εἴη ἀπήμων κέαρ, says the youthful Pindar, with an optative he might have learned from Hesiod. ἐν δὲ δλιγχώ βροτῶν τὸ τερπνὸν αὔξεται, says Pindar, the aged.

The unfeigned good humour with which I received FENNELL'S disparaging remarks seems to have tempered his acridity somewhat, and by the light of the articles in the *Cambridge Review*, I have re-read a letter of his which I understand even better now than I did when it first came into my hands.

BARTON COTTAGE, CAMBRIDGE.  
(No date.)

Dear Professor GILDERSLEEVE:

At last I have got hold of your review of my new Pindar and thank you for the handsome terms in which you speak of my labours. Your strictures are not galling, all the less so because my curtness is not my fault. Our never to be too much anathematised Press Syndics limited

my space so that I had to excise and compress wildly. I was of course anxious to air my own views and so I naturally only mentioned other people's views when it seemed necessary. . . . I am sorry that you thought my criticisms of your work and that of others needed repentance. I think my raps were no harder than yours. One's knuckles are less sensitive than one's face. But had I had more space, I should have been far less dogmatic.

Yours very truly,  
C. A. M. FENNELL.

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Whether I should have coupled the name of FENNELL with that of Mr. GARROD in a recent *Brief Mention* (A. J. P. XXXVI 476) if I had known that the editor of Pindar had passed beyond the reach of earthly criticism, it is hard to say. Death, which wipes out all other scores, shows no mercy to the members of our guild. The worthy magister, who two hundred years ago confused Lycurgus, the orator, with Lycurgus, the lawgiver, is still held up to ridicule. Neither age nor sex is spared. 'Vexat censura columbas', and despite my inbred deference to woman-kind, I myself have called attention to the blunder of the young lady who confounded Herakleitos and Herakleides (A. J. P. XXXIII 114). Still I could not help shuddering the other day, when an irreverent Italian scholar in discussing Pindar, O. 8, 85, spoke of 'la cervellotica opinione di Boeckh', Boeckh the greatest Hellenist of my day, if not of all time. The spectral hunt of the *Néκυια* goes on through the ages.

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The irreverent critic of Boeckh whom I have just cited is Professor LUIGI CERRATO of Genoa, whose edition of *Pindar's Olympians* marks the return of the editor to his first loves, *Le Odi di Pindaro, Testo, Versione, Commento—Parte 1<sup>a</sup> Olimpiche* (Sestri Ponente, Bruzzone). In his *Tecnica composizione delle odi pindariche* published in 1888 (A. J. P. XI 528) Professor CERRATO shewed himself in accord with Croiset as to the function of the myth, and gave his adhesion, in general, to the distribution of the odes advocated in my Introductory Essay. Unterrified by the counterblasts that have been blowing these twenty years and more, CERRATO still maintains that the myth is an incarnation of a moral idea. The general plan of the ode is actuality, myth, actuality, though there are variations, and the myth is not indispensable. The connexion of the myth with actuality need not be very close, and it is idle to seek in the myth a perfect reflex of the life of the victor, an exact parallel between the prizer of flesh and blood and his mythical prototype—the besetting sin, the fatal insistence, of Boeckh and Dissen, against which I have found occasion to protest at every turn in my commentary. The invention of an historical

romance in order to unriddle hypothetical allusions in the myth is a sheer waste of learned ingenuity. There is not the ghost of a smile on the countenance of the makers of these *fabliaux*, whatever merriment they may have kept hidden in their hearts; and I am gravely concerned lest some serious person may have thought I was in dead earnest when in the last number (A. J. P. XXXVII 108) I suggested an anthropological interpretation of the Ninth Pythian. The trouble is that paradoxes begin to gain on the paradoxographer. The anthropological interpretation of the passage is reinforced by Cheiron's *σεμνὸν ἄντρον* and still further by Professor Fay's cave-dweller etymology of *ἄνθρωπος* q. d. \**ἄντρωπος* just as the feminine nature of the genitive (XXXVI 109) is reinforced by the passivity of those senses that take the genitive (A. J. P. XXXI 75).

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Of the artistic merits of CERRATO's version I have no right to express an opinion. I have declined to pass judgment on Wilamowitz (A. J. P. XX 110) and Bellermann (A. J. P. XXXIII 229) because, though familiar with German from my early youth, I do not claim the native feeling, and my knowledge of Italian is rudimentary. Still it may be worth noting that though CERRATO is dissatisfied with Fraccaroli's poetical version and praises Romagnoli somewhat grudgingly, when he quotes versions of other authors, he prefers the poetical rendering. As to points of interpretation that are not affected by the subtleties of foreign idiom, there are divergencies of exegesis between my commentary and Cerrato's as there are between my commentary and that of Sir John Sandys, but of these divergencies only one or two specimens can be given, the rest being reserved for my projected 'Pindarica'. Needless to say, having committed myself in print, I am unconvinced. So O. 4, 10 CERRATO translates after Dissen *χρονιώτατον φάος* 'luce perenne' in which he has the support of Sir John Sandys, and, according to my judgment, misses the point of the little ode (A. J. P. XXVIII 481; XXIX 503). The last two verses he assigns to Pindar and not to Erginos, just in order to carry out his scheme of Attualità—Mito—Attualità. O. 6, 31: *κρύψε δὲ παρθενίαν ωδῖνα κόλποις*, he renders 'tenne occulto il virgineo frutto nel suo grembo', defending his version by the authority of Dissen, Heyne and Dukas. The plural might have given him pause and 'tenne occulto' produces the effect of *κρύψασα εἶχεν*.